Making a Mess by BillysHardgrove

Series: Harringrove Watersports [2]
Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: (I was going to tag this as Dry Humping-but you know it's not gonna be dry), Angst and Smut, Bed-Wetting, Hand Jobs, M/M, Shame, Watersports
Language: English
Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington
Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-02-06
Updated: 2018-02-06
Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:40:23
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,277
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Sometimes, Billy had accidents.

Or: Steve and Billy discover some things through a haze of shame and embarrassment.

Making a Mess

Sometimes, Billy had accidents.

He wet the bed for an embarrassingly long time when he was younger. He would wake up with wet sheets clinging to his legs almost every night, crying because of the mess he made, until his mother would come into the room. She always took him into her arms and sooth him before wordlessly cleaning him up and changing the sheets. She never made him feel like the embarrassment his father made him out to be and with her encouragement, Billy eventually learned to control his bladder.

Nowadays, the accidents usually only happened after he had had a fight with Neil, after he had limped to his bed and blacked out. Billy had learned to silently change his sheets in the middle of the night, careful to not wake anybody as he moved through the dark house. He had learned to hide the soiled bedding and to wash them when no-one was home.

He rarely fell back asleep after the accidents. He would lie awake for hours, shame hot on his cheeks as he bit back tears of frustration. He would wallow in self-loathing until the sun came up.

Neil was right; he was a fucking embarrassment. He knew he was.

The only person that made Billy feel like he was worth something was Steve. He made him feel like a better man than he could ever be and Billy craved it. He would die before he let him find out about his accidents.

And Steve wouldn't. As long as he remembered to take a leak before he went to bed.

Billy slept over at Steve's more often than not nowadays, he loved falling asleep pressed up against his lean chest and last night was no exception.

They had had amazing sex. Steve had taken his time to work Billy open with his fingers, pressing kisses into his thighs and muttering

praise he didn't deserve. Just when Billy thought he was going to fall apart, Steve had withdrawn his fingers and crawled up to Billy. He had kissed him, holding Billy impossibly close while the head of his cock prodded against his hole.

Steve had pushed in slowly, filled him up so good and everything had been so intense. Billy had clung on to his shoulders for dear life, lost in the sensation, lost in Steve, until he came with a gasp of Steve's name.

He had lain there in stunned bliss while Steve cleaned him up, caressing his body like it was a work of wonder. He had lifted his hips obediently while Steve put on his pyjama pants -he knew Billy didn't like to sleep naked- and slid under the covers.

Steve had held him close and Billy hadn't wanted to get up, hadn't wanted to leave the warmth and safety of Steve's embrace.

So he stayed, curled up in his lover's arms until he fell asleep.

Billy woke up mere hours later from a warmth that was spreading through his body. Still on the verge of sleep, he snuggled back into Steve's chest, mewling softly. But the blissful moment was cut short when he suddenly became aware of source of the warmth, wetness spreading between his legs.

His eyes shot open wide at the realisation that he was peeing.

No. This can't be happening.

He felt sick, trying his best to hold it in, but he couldn't stop the stream until his bladder was empty and the last drops of piss leaked out of him. He lifted the covers and peeked down, a dark pool had unmistakably formed in the front of his pyjama pants and into the sheets. He was breathing heavily, on the verge of panic when he watched the wet spot spread slowly through the fabric surrounding him.

Fuck. Fuckfuckfuck.

Billy closed his eyes, hoping against hope that this was all a dream, but the stench of urine that was poignant in the air told him it was

real. His heart was pounding in his chest and he felt like a scared child again, afraid to be yelled at when someone found out.

Steve couldn't find out about this, he couldn't handle his rejection, couldn't take his disgust when he found him like this.

So Billy took a deep breath and tried to wriggle out of Steve's embrace. He could feel his usually soft pyjama pants stick cold and uncomfortable against his thighs when he moved and tears were pricking his eyes. He hated this. He hated it so much.

He hadn't even moved an inch when he felt Steve stir in his sleep. His grip around Billy tightened, pulling him close against his chest and Billy realised that he was trapped.

Shame and anger burned through his chest. His fingernails dug in his palm, his fist trembling as he tried to keep from punching into the matrass. Why was he such a fucking freak? Wetting the bed like a five year old. He couldn't stop the tears anymore and they rolled down thick over his cheeks. He had screwed up everything.

He tried to keep still, to postpone the inevitable for as long as possible, but his entire body was shaking with his quiet sobs.

The first thing Steve noticed was the vile scent in the air and his face scrunched up. He groaned when he buried his face in Billy's shoulders.

'What's that smell?' He mumbled, voice soft and groggy with sleep.

Billy wanted to die right there and a broken sob escaped his throat. He was so fucking ashamed, lying there in his own piss. He curled in on himself when Steve opened his eyes and pressed his face down into the matrass. He felt Steve move around, pulling back slightly as he started to register what was happening.

'Hey... babe? What's wrong?' He gently shook Billy's shoulder, trying to get his boyfriend to look at him.

Billy jerked way from Steve's touch, shaking off his hand as he mumbled something into the matrass that Steve couldn't make out.

Steve pressed up behind Billy, stroking his hair while he repeated himself in a soft whisper: 'Baby, what's going on?'

The concern was obvious in his voice and Billy wanted to scream. Instead he said, more clear this time: ‘Go away. *Please.*' There was no anger behind the words, just a desperation that Steve didn't understand.

‘Billy…’ Steve pressed his lips onto Billy’s shaking shoulders while his hand rubbed soothing circles over his tense body. He gently caressed his arm, his side, down to his hips. That’s when Steve felt it. He was lightly running his fingers over the soft material of Billy’s pants, when he felt something wet underneath his touch. His hand stilled for a moment before pressing down hesitantly to confirm his suspicion.

Billy’s breath hitched in his throat when he felt Steve stiffen behind him. This was it. Steve would realise what a fuck-up he was and leave him, right then and there in a puddle of his own filth. He wanted to throw Steve off of him and storm out, spare himself any further humiliation. But he couldn't move. He was frozen in place, silently crying while Steve ran his fingers over his pyjama pants.

He felt how the fingers mapped out the wet spot, ghosting over the perimeter, caressing his belly and dipping between his legs. Billy gasped when they reached his crotch, hesitantly tracing the outline of his cock before cupping it through the wet fabric and squeezing slightly.

Billy choked on his tears as a burst of anger ran through him, completely humiliated by the gesture. What the fuck was Steve playing at? He whipped his head up to glare at Steve.

'Fuck you, Steve! This isn't fucking funny, okay?!' Venom laced his voice, but he faltered a bit when he saw the expression on Steve’s face. His eyes were glazed over and his jaw was slightly agape as he breathed heavily.

A shiver ran through Steve’s spine as he stared at Billy. He was in awe at how beautiful his boyfriend looked; his face was red and tear-stricken, but his eyes were ablaze. Steve’s mouth was dry all of a

sudden and he swallowed slowly.

He was so fucking hard.

Steve palmed Billy's dick again, pressing more forcefully into the warm wetness. He groaned at the feeling and his hips bucked up involuntarily, grinding into Billy's plump ass.

Billy's eyes widened, the anger on his face replaced by shock and confusion when he felt Steve's erection press into him. Was he actually…?

He didn't entirely trust the situation, but his cock betrayed him when it twitched under Steve's touch. He could feel himself filling up, spurred on the way the other boy kept rubbing his thick length over his ass, grunting low in his ear.

'Fuck, Billy, so fucking hot,' Steve said breathlessly and he gripped into Billy's wet pyjamas to wrung them out. He moaned at the sensation of Billy's piss running down his hand, before slipping it under the waistband.

'Y-yeah?' Billy's voice was still thick with tears, but he couldn't help but whine when Steve's fingers curled around his cock. He shifted his weight, giving Steve better access as he arched into his touch.

'Yeahyeahyeah,' Steve managed between pants. He was full on rutting now, hips snapping up in a steady pace while his hand was pumping fast over Billy's cock into the delicious wetness. 'Fuck yeah, baby. So hot… Look at the mess you made, it's so fucking wet.'

Billy moaned at the words and thrusted up into Steve's fist. His drying piss added extra friction and Steve's palm felt rough and raw over his cock, but it was fucking perfect. He was hooked on the sensation and the filthy praise, and it didn't take long for him to come. He moaned loudly and arched his back, bucking into Steve's hand as he made an even bigger mess of himself.

'Unf, yeah baby, that's it. Come for me... Fuck, you like this don't you?' Steve kept talking, panting in Billy's ear. 'You're so fucking filthy, babe, soiling yourself like this.' His long fingers milked Billy's

cock, squeezing it for every last drop of cum, while he kept thrusting against Billy's ass ruthlessly.

Billy whimpered and started to squirm in Steve's arms. The friction was becoming too much for his sensitive cock. It was on the verge of becoming painful when he felt Steve's pace become erratic. A long, drawn-out moan fell from his lips and his body convulsed against Billy's when he came.

Billy couldn't suppress a shudder when Steve pressed him close to his chest, hips rocking erratically as he rode through the aftershocks.

They stayed like that for a while, Steve holding Billy while the mess around them cooled down, sticking uncomfortably against their skin. They seemed to be frozen in place, while they caught their breaths and processed what happened, until Steve got up wordlessly to take a shower.

Billy didn't join him. He wasn't sure what was going through his boyfriend's head right now and he too afraid to ask. When he got out of his own shower, he found that Steve had already changed the sheets and his face reddened all over again. The shame creeping back at the thought of Steve having to clean up after him.

They didn't talk about it, neither of them knew how to bring it up. Billy was too ashamed about wetting the bed and Steve was too ashamed about his reaction.

It was a long week before Billy slept over again. They were about to fall asleep when Billy moved to get up and take a leak. He couldn't get far however, because a surprisingly strong arm curled around his waist and prevented him from moving.

'Steve…' Billy whispered pleadingly, he needed to piss if he wanted to keep it dry. He had hoped Steve would get it after last time, because he knew he couldn't say the words out loud.

Steve whined quietly and pressed his face in Billy's shoulder, unable to look him in the eye. His arms tightened around him and Billy realised that maybe Steve did get it.

Billy's breath caught in his throat at the thought of Steve actually wanting this. A tense silence settled between them when Billy gathered up the courage to speak.

'Do you-' Billy's voice was barely audible. His heart was pounding in his chest. He took a shaky breath before whispering: 'do you want to be the little spoon?'

He could feel the moment Steve got the implications of the suggestion, when he tensed up behind him. He surge of panic struck his heart, when his boyfriend kept quiet. Fuck, why the fuck did he say that? Why the fuck did he even think that Steve wanted this? Why the fuck would he want Billy to piss over him? He was about to sputter out an apology when Steve's gripped loosened around him. His fingers tugged at Billy's waist, before he turned to his other side.

Steve avoided his gaze when Billy turned around and looked at him. His chest and neck were flushed a light pink and his whole body was tense. As soon as Billy pressed up against him, Steve grinded his ass back against Billy's crotch, wriggling a bit until it his soft cock was settled firmly between his cheeks.

It took them a long time to fall asleep that night. Both boys were nervous, unsure of what they were doing and what was going to happen. But the pounding of their hearts was mainly caused by a feeling of anticipation as they held each other tight.

Author's Note:

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